

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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Harlip

Princess Alexandra of Greece

The official announcement of the engagement of Princess Alexandra, daughter of the late King Alexander of Greece and a cousin of the Duchess of Kent, to King Peter of Yugoslavia has been generally expected for more than a year now. The formal announcement has been delayed owing to a difference of opinion in the former Yugoslav Cabinet based on the belief that there should be no dynastic link between Greece and Yugoslavia until the problems of the post-war Balkans could be known. With the recent formation of a new Cabinet under M. Trifunovitch, however, much of the earlier opposition has been removed. Princess Alexandra and her mother, Princess Alexander, are well known in this country and have made their home in London for some considerable time.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Beginning

THE blow has fallen. Sicily becomes a gateway to the freedom of Europe. The first gateway, but not the only one. There will be, and must be, other gateways. For this is surely the beginning of the end. The manner of the opening of the attack on Sicily shows the thoroughness behind the Allied plans. There is also plain to the eye a relentlessness which, if it is pursued, will become ruthlessness. The Allied commanders waited until they were ready to put everything behind this first punch; and the stories of the massed convoys approaching Sicily are not only picturesque, but heartening. There was organisation, skill, and military genius in the way the ships assembled, sailed to their destination and landed the troops. Once again we have a glorious combination of men, General Eisenhower in supreme command, General Alexander in charge of military strategy, and, above all, General Montgomery with his Eighth Army. It has proved an unbeatable combination in the past in association with Admiral Cunningham's control of the sea and Air Marshal Tedder's tight hold of the Mediterranean air.

Canadians

THE surprise of it all was the sudden appearance of the Canadians, who have taken

their place by the side of the veterans of the Eighth Army. They went, as it were, through the night across thousands of miles of sea, unperceived and unexpected. This was a remarkable piece of planning as well as a commendable example of psychology. The Canadians have waited long in the British Isles for this opportunity, fighting battle after battle in mock style until they were trained to the very limit of fitness, and all that was left for them to do was to fight boredom. All this is over, at least for those Canadians who consider themselves lucky enough to be in the forefront of the fighting. Opportunity will come to those who have been left behind. But we shall all share in the glory of the fighting forces of Canada's men who volunteered to fight for the cause of freedom. Whatever reputation these young Canadians win will reflect on General McNaughton, scientist as well as soldier, who has trained them and inspired them.

Surprise

THE absence of Axis air defence in force is still the most remarkable feature of this new campaign. Can it be that Hitler is really short of aircraft? We know that the Italian Air Force was outdated when the war started and that it was never considerable, although Italian pilots were probably better individually than the

Germans. But it is still one of the astounding aspects of the Sicilian battle that Hitler did not dare to concentrate any large air force over the convoy ships as they landed the Allied troops.

This was the time to take risks and to do damage. Hitler's failure to do this shows quite clearly that the dispersal of air units which we have forced on him increases at each stage of the war his real weakness. This was our weakness at the beginning of the war when we found that not only had we to defend the British Isles, but it was necessary to find aircraft to send to the Middle East, to India, to Singapore and to Australia. This was a terrible drain on us, but after setbacks we have overcome this vital weakness. Now we are able comfortably to concentrate aircraft at both ends of the Mediterranean, on each of Hitler's flanks and bomb him in the centre as well.

Hitler can never be sure where our aircraft



Briefing Pilots

Lord Tweedsmuir (right), an Army liaison officer, is seen here briefing pilots of a Tactical Air Force squadron. He is the eldest son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, a former Governor-General of Canada, and well-known author



Sir James Grigg in Egypt

On a recent tour of the Middle East, Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War, after visiting Tunisia, arrived in Cairo, spending several days inspecting the troops' establishments and welfare organisations in Egypt. Above he is seen (third from left) with Lt.-Gen. Stone, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt, the Area Commander and a major-general. Sir James later stayed at Government House, Jerusalem

will attack him next, and he has to keep machines in reserve in France, in Norway, Holland, Germany, Austria and Italy, not to mention the vast force of fighters and bombers contained by Russia on the East Front. Undoubtedly Hitler and Goering were right when they realised the value of air power and set out to frighten the world by their boasts of what they possessed. Either their air power was not what they claimed, or it was inefficiently organised. For their bluff has been called, and air power is proving to be their undoing.

Revenge

ONCE more we have an indication of the delicate state of public opinion in Germany. Hardly had we landed in Sicily—and before the nature of the opposition was known to us—than the Germans were saying that Sicily did not matter. They were trying to deaden the effects of a new reverse to their defence policy, in the same way as they attempted to hide the nature of their new offensive in Russia. And how right they were about Russia. So far it has been a dismal and disastrous failure. As through Sicily we force open one of the gates to Europe, the Germans will begin to say: "Who left us undefended like this? Who sent our soldiers to die in Russia?"

The man was Hitler. It was his crazy idea to do battle with an unknown Russia, and

now the account is about to be presented for settlement. The experienced and cautious German generals did not want to fight in Russia. They did not want to fight on two fronts because all their technical teaching had been to the effect that Germany should never do this. But Hitler made them, and when the cry goes up, "Who has failed us?" these generals are not going to admit themselves at fault. As the avengers of aggression advance, there will be cries of revenge on those who have misled the Germans.

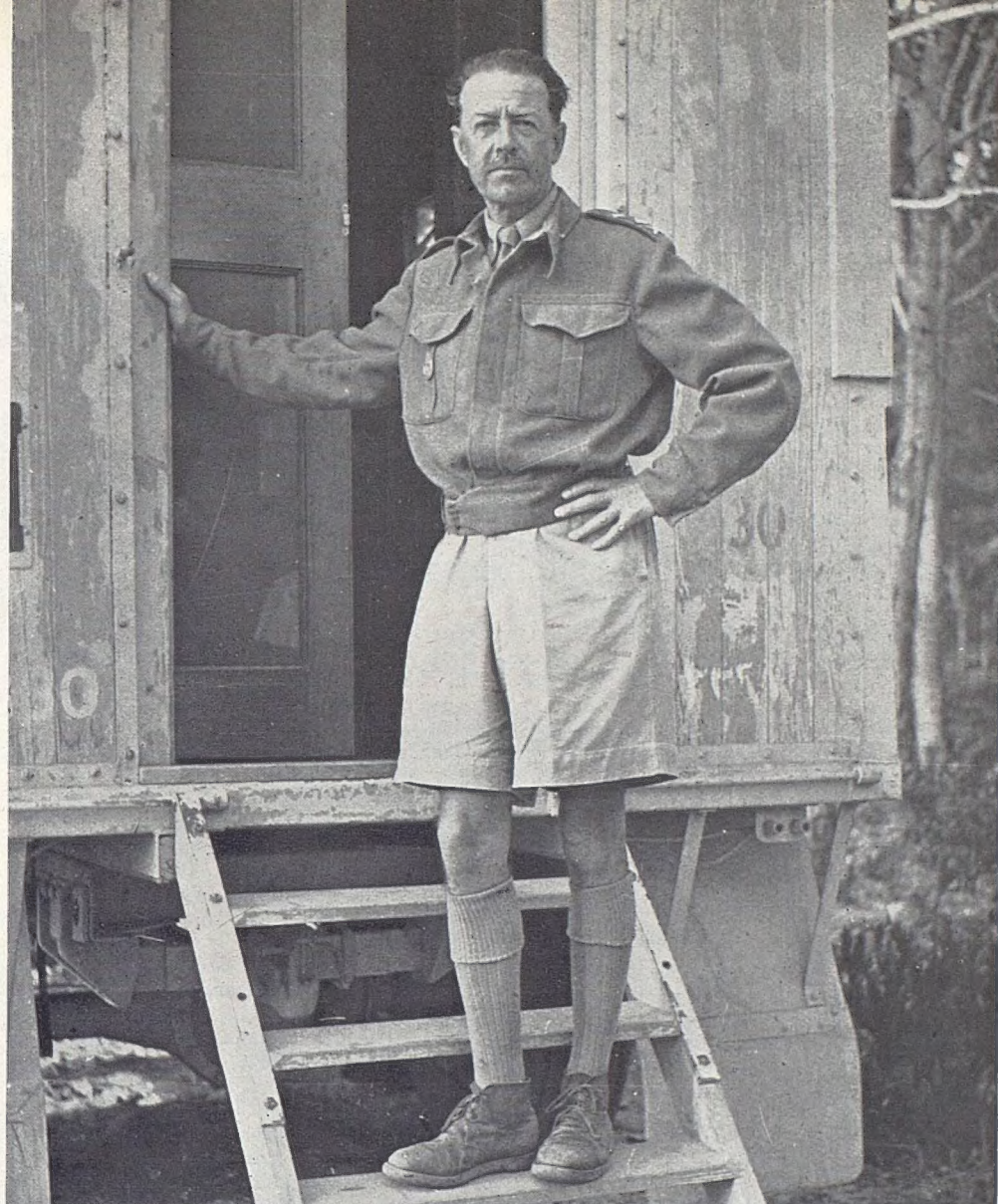
Revolt

IN Greece and in Yugoslavia revolt is spreading; and it is not unorganised revolt. In both these countries there are determined men who possess the power of leadership. They are teaching the Germans that it is one thing to descend on unprepared people with the sword, and another thing to defeat them. The same



The New Polish C.-in-C.

General Kazimierz Sosnkowski has been appointed to succeed the late Gen. Sikorski as C.-in-C. the Polish Armed Forces. He is seen at his desk with Col. Salislawski, who is his acting Chief of Staff



General Alexander, Caravan Dweller

The battle headquarters of General Sir Harold Alexander consist of a caravan in the woods. General Alexander, who is Deputy C.-in-C. Allied Forces under General Eisenhower, returned to England for a brief holiday some weeks ago, which he spent mostly in the country with his family. He returned to Africa some time before the opening of the Sicilian campaign

spirit is abroad in Holland and in Norway and is rising in France. In Turkey, however, they cling to a precarious neutrality by the protection of alliances. They grow hot and they grow cold as the war for freedom moves to its inevitable conclusion. The question is can Turkey continue to be neutral in a Europe that is becoming outspokenly anti-German? Or can they ignore the strength that is Russia's and which has humbled the pride which once was Germany's? Of course, Turkey cannot do this. She will soon have to make up her mind, or otherwise surrender the goodwill which Britain and the United States have bestowed on her, and the Russians have proffered her. It may be early to speculate on Turkey's decision, but clearly events will move very quickly after the Sicilian campaign, and who can say that they will not light up the Balkans in a blazing spirit of revenge against Hitler? I have always believed that in the Balkans Hitler would meet his doom. More than ever do I feel that this is coming true and in the near future.

Agreement

LOYAL Poles have realised the need for political unity and that this necessity is a greater patriotism than any political principle. The appointment of General Sosnkowski as commander-in-chief without political power is a wise decision. It enabled M. Mikolajczyk to

set about forming a new Cabinet without delay. This leader of the Polish peasant party recognises the importance of a practicable working agreement with Soviet Russia. And if he can carry this understanding to the high degree of statesmanship which the late General Sikorski did, he will earn the gratitude of Poles hereafter for that will be the test of his ability. In the critical phase which has fallen on the Poles they have had the value of the experience of Mr. Anthony Eden, and his encouragement to seek and maintain the greatest of all national assets, which is unity.

Liberals

THE Liberal Conference showed that, as in all other parties, there is a strong awareness of future problems. As was to be expected, there were those who wanted to go to extremes and those who wished to compromise. This left the impression that the Liberals of this country lack more than any other party the hand of a strong and wise leader. Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Secretary of State for Air, has vigour and enthusiasm, but not even he is able to weld Liberals together. It is true that all his time is given to his Government duties which he puts first, but it is a calamity, nevertheless, that he is unable to bestow on a deputy the opportunity to reorganise and revive this traditional party. The truth is, of course, that there is no suitable deputy in sight. The

Liberals are divided as is no other party. There are the Sinclair Liberals, who regard themselves as the keepers of the conscience of Liberalism. There are the Simonite Liberals, who broke away to support the National Government in 1931, and there are those Liberals who follow Mr. Lloyd George. Out of the Liberal Conference it seems that we may yet see another Liberal group led by Mr. Clement Davies, K.C., who is all out for a radical Liberal policy. Mr. Davies is the most active of all out-of-office Liberals in the House of Commons, and it is surprising that his ability and energy have never been put to use by successive Prime Ministers.

Ramp

LORD WOOLTON is an able man, an administrator who is trying to learn politics late in life. I am told that every decision he makes as Food Minister is tested for its popular or political reaction. I wonder if Lord Woolton has ever thought of re-testing his policy which inflicted the five-shilling maximum meal on this country and has led to smaller meals, worse food and bad service in almost every catering establishment. There are exceptions, of course, to this generalisation, but it is a fact that the five-shilling maximum meal has become a five-shilling minimum meal, and that unpatriotic people are making quite a lot of money out of this ramp.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

After Breakfast and After Lunch

By James Agate

ONE of Wilde's characters objects to people who are "brilliant at breakfast," and personally I have little stomach, immediately after breakfast, for that crude species of slapstick with which those doubtless very clever comedians, Abbott and Costello, are accustomed to delight their highly appreciative public. Costello, particularly, is the most consistent and consummate faller-all-over-the-place I have ever seen; in him the clown and the acrobat are equally blended. This simple kind of humour always arouses an English audience to paroxysms of mirth; and at the performance of *Hit the Ice* (Odeon) the laughter was long and loud. Probably had I been seeing the film after dinner I also should have split my sides; since it followed an eggless, bacon-less and unmarmaladed meal I just couldn't manage to raise more than a smile of the wannest and meagrest.

THE music is quite good, and there is a girl called Ginny Sims who puts over her stuff with considerable charm of voice and manner. Such story as there is concerned with photographers mistaken for crooks, crooks pursuing photographers, a bogus invalid, an American mountain pleasure-resort where the visitors bathe in an open-air swimming-pool with the surrounding hills covered with snow, jazz bands, more jazz bands, and the usual marriage bells swinging it at the end.

IN other words the piece is excellent of its kind, and there is no denying that Abbott and Costello are admirable of their kind. I have no patience with the type of highbrow who boasts of being allergic to what he calls crude knockabout humour unrelieved by wit of

dialogue or situation; films like this are not meant for him, and he should go elsewhere. If Alfred Jingle were alive today, and were he a film-critic to boot, he would write: "Please the Army—Navy too, laughter fine medicine—ask doctors—escape from war—stuff to give the Air Force—clean farce—very."

THEN in the afternoon to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new film, *Above Suspicion* (Empire). This, founded on the novel by Helen MacInnes, turned out to be an international spy-story dated immediately before the present war. I have not read the novel, but I hope the authoress avoids the complications, inconsistencies and obscurities which make this film one of the hardest to get the hang of I have seen for a long time. *Avoid subtle and knotty disquisitions*, writes Bacon, and it is advice which scenario-mongers would do well to follow.

A BRITISH agent in South Germany has mysteriously disappeared, and an American honeymooning couple, he a professor at Oxford (Fred MacMurray) and she, his bride (the inevitable Joan Crawford), are deputed by a British Foreign Office official to find out what has happened to him. The couple make a very agreeable tour, Paris and then Salzburg. They have various and exciting adventures, make the acquaintance of two charming men, one anti-Nazi (Conrad Veidt), the other a disguised Nazi (Basil Rathbone). As usual in this type of film nine-tenths of one's interest and attention are devoted to trying to distinguish the Nazis from the anti-Nazis. Even the volatile Fred and the persistent Joan lose their way in this maze of genuine and false clues, disguises,

plots and intrigues. That at the end they are able to escape to Italy, presumably on the eve of war, does not seem to me to be the most satisfactory solution of their troubles. But at least it indicates the end of ours! No doubt everything is clearly set forth in the book; in the film muddle treads on the heel of muddle, and for once the synopsis is less than helpful. For instance, *what* happened to the British Agent in South Germany that the fuss is all about? Or am I being stupid?

BUT there are alleviating moments. As when the honeymoon couple get to Salzburg, and the landlady (also an anti-Nazi) lends them a book on Liszt as they are going that evening to a Liszt concert (where, by the way, we hear the closing bars of the Overture to Wagner's *Rienzi*). The *pièce d'occasion* is the first piano concerto, of which the book tells us to our amazement that Liszt was so disgusted with the verdict of the critics after the first performance that he retired to an Austrian retreat for the rest of his life. As the concerto was produced in 1857 and the composer died in 1886, having in the intervening time lived in Rome, Weimar and Budapest, made a grand concert-giving tour and played to Queen Victoria, the "retirement" seems to have differed little from a period of the intensest activity. I agree to eight years of comparative idleness. You may say these are mere details. And perhaps, dear reader, you are right. After all, the film public has got to hear about Liszt some time, and there is a school of thought which holds that bad information is better than no dope at all.

THE acting is extremely good, if you think so. Fred MacMurray, usually a hurricane of pep and zip, is this time comparatively restrained, although he could never even faintly suggest any sort of professor, even of the American variety. The late and more than lamented Conrad Veidt is reasonably good. Basil Rathbone, smoothest enactor of well-mannered villains, suggests all the lurking sadism one expects in a Nazi. Richard Ainley is admirably sensitive as a young Englishman who meets with a tragic fate. Reginald Owen has long since become one of the best character actors on the screen, and his sketch of a democrat under the heel of the oppressors is quiet and convincing. About Joan Crawford opinions may differ; I have never thought her more than devastatingly competent. There are lashings of competence in this film in which she actually suggests that she knows what she is up to. Perhaps the other players also understand? Perhaps the camera-man who takes these entrancing shots of Austrian scenery tells them? Or is it possible that film-actors don't need to know what they are doing?

OWING to a not-so-trifling indisposition—had it been trifling, am I not the modern Casabianca?—I was unable to see the trade show of *Five Graves to Cairo* (Plaza). I hasten to repair the omission. This is the most brilliant film of its kind yet thrown up by the war. The improbable, Henty kind. One just does not believe that Rommel would give away secrets to British officers whom he has taken prisoner with an unfamiliar waiter handing round the liqueur brandy—a waiter who, of course, turns out to be a British corporal. Given this improbability, the piece is tremendously effective and wildly exciting, with the further merit of having no damn psychology about it. When you see a tank, you know it to be a tank, and not, as the Orson Welles crowd would have us believe, a picture of General Montgomery's mind. Franchot Tone is quite good, and there is a superb performance by Erich von Stroheim as Rommel.



Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks is Back in New York

After some months in this country and a considerable period of active duty at sea, Lieut. Douglas Fairbanks is enjoying some leave. The above was taken at the Stork Club in New York and shows Douglas Fairbanks with his wife and Mr. Roland Young

Birthday Honours



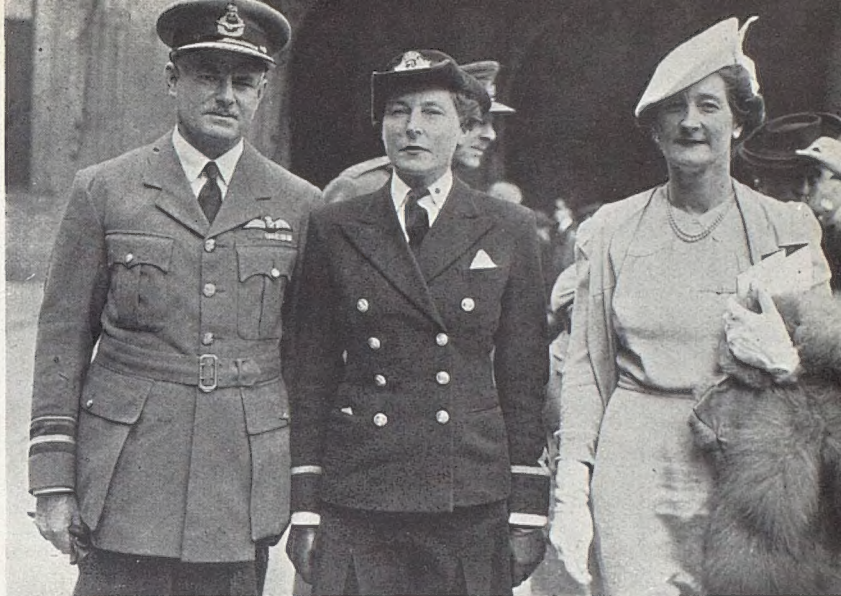
Lt.-Gen. G. C. Bucknall, late of the Middlesex Regiment, was awarded the C.B., and went to the recent investiture at Buckingham Palace with Mrs. Bucknall



A knighthood was conferred on Sir William Young Darling, Lord Provost of Edinburgh. He is seen at Buckingham Palace with Lady Darling



Sir Graham Cunningham, seen with his wife, after being knighted, is Director-General of Munitions at the Ministry of Supply, and chairman of "Triplex" Safety Glass Company



Air Vice-Marshal H. H. MacL. Fraser was another to receive the C.B. in the Birthday Honours. He was accompanied to the investiture by his wife and daughter



The Lord Provost of Aberdeen, Sir Thomas Gillan Mitchell, was another to receive a knighthood, and is seen above with Lady Mitchell



Captain Sir John Black, Managing Director of the Standard Motor Company and chairman of the Joint Aero-engine Committee, was made a knight. With him is Lady Black



A naval award at the investiture was that of the D.S.C. to Cdr. Tothill, R.N., who went to receive it with his wife and son

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

The Russians (Playhouse)

A HUNDRED years separate the writing of that lovely play, *A Month in the Country*, from that of this heroic contemporary melodrama; and though they are both Russian, they have as little in common as peace and war. For whereas Turgenev approaches his theme romantically, and handles it as a poet, Konstantin Simonov, author of *The Russians*, writes as a realist whose emotions have been stirred by personal experience. Not for him the delicate poignancies, the doubts and shy raptures of first love, but the stark realities of war. His theme is no fantasy, but a picture—a moving, talking picture—harsh and uncompromising. Its light and shade are not subtly graded, but black and white; and its characters are drawn, we are told, from life. The action reflects much that the author himself experienced at the front.

Yet for all its topicality, in some respects this play strikes an old-fashioned note. Though the incidents and the characters are contemporary, the sentiments they express, and the zeal that inspires them, are as old as Homer. They are as old, indeed, as the early books of the Old Testament, where the smiting of the Philistines hip and thigh, and the putting of inconvenient gentiles to the sword, were slogans proclaimed by the prophets and echoed by race-conscious zealots.

THE chief characters are the survivors of an isolated unit of the Red Army, a dwindling band of guerrillas, cut off from the main body, and encircled by the Germans. The unrelenting routine of this desperate little garrison is one of improvised tactics that entail supreme self-sacrifice. Their chances of relief are as slender as their hopes of survival. They face fearful odds with grim courage, and towards the enemy they feel, and show, no quarter.

In such warfare half-measures do not exist, nor are the niceties of peace-time sentiment observed. Though hearts, like bodies, may be

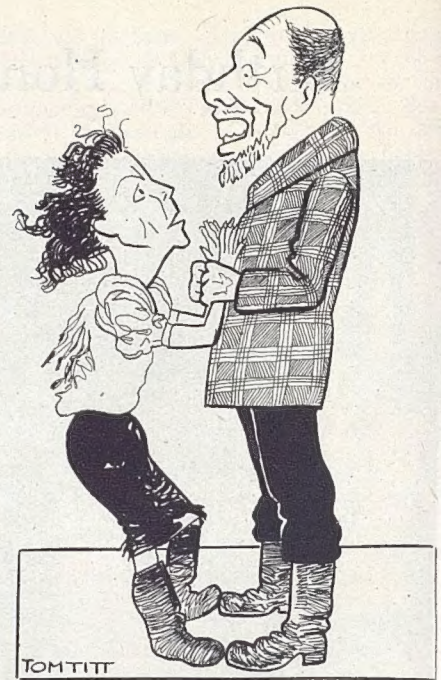
broken, resistance cannot slacken. The battle must go on. Promotion is not a matter of advancement in rank, but of stepping into dead men's shoes. Such devotion to duty has an epic flavour, and the treachery that stains it is a devilish thing. For there are traitors here as elsewhere; rats who, when caught, are disposed of in a manner as uncompromising as summary.

We are impressed, in our sentimental Western way, by the complete subordination, not merely of self, but of sex, to the tyranny of war. The young women, who serve on equal terms with the men, share the rigours, and undertake, single-handed, enterprises the mere attempting of which are a qualification for battle honours; and at headquarters, where much of the action passes, they perform in addition domestic and nursing duties that in themselves are a full-time job.

Such romance as shyly flowers among these ruins has a similarly heroic quality. And since this is a play, not merely a projection of dispatches from the front, the love of the guerrilla leader for the girl scout, who repeatedly undertakes the desperate duty of liaison between the beleaguered garrison and the main body beyond the encircling enemy, provides a happy ending that is in keeping with the circumstances in which it is born and heroically unexpressed.

Quislings are not endearing characters; and in his drawing of the renegade mayor, and handling of the torture inflicted on him by a sadistic German officer, the dramatist vents a hatred of such treachery that, in its cold, scientific malignity, is positively blood-curdling. It makes the way of a cat with a mouse seem almost mawkishly humane; and as played by Mr. Russell Thorndike (the mayor) and Mr. Frederic Horrey (the German officer), this particular scene is unforgettable.

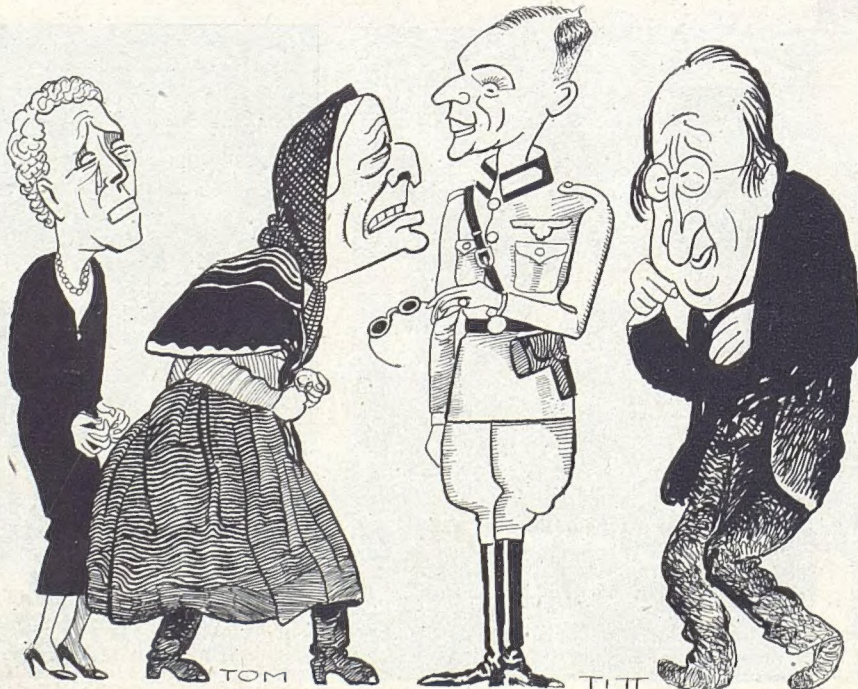
THE play (properly called *The Russians*) may be no great shakes as art, for its surfaces are



Valya (Freda Jackson) is a member of the guerrillas acting as their scout and driver. She suspects Gloa (Arthur Hambling) of being a traitor

as raw as war itself, and reek like those of Jacobean tragedy. Yet its vigour and the forceful ingenuity of Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's production are undeniable. He makes no concessions to squeamishness on our side of the footlights, and allows an excellent company to wring all possible blood and sweat and tears from its raw material.

Mr. Michael Golden and Miss Freda Jackson are admirable as the guerrilla leader and the girl who gilds his fortunes with heroic love. Mr. Franklin Dyall substantiates the well-matched courage and cunning of an old dug-out; Miss Rosalind Atkinson and Miss Olga Lindo effectively contrast two older women, and the minor characters are all well done. The last scene, in which the triumph of these Russian heroes is lit by the flames of the town their devotion has freed, is as exciting as luridly dramatic.



Marya (Olga Lindo), wife of the town's quisling, stands by while her friend, Marfa (Rosalind Atkinson), is tormented by the Nazi officer, Rosenberg (Frederic Horrey). On the right is Haritonov, the quisling mayor (Russell Thorndike)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



A quisling meets his proper fate when the leader of the guerrillas orders his death (David Carr, Ferdinand Mayer, Michael Golden, and Franklin Dyall)



John Everard

It's Jack Again

Jack Buchanan Returns to the West End
Stage After an Absence of Six Years

London will have the opportunity of welcoming back to the West End theatre that most popular of all musical comedy stars, Mr. Jack Buchanan, when *It's Time to Dance* opens at the Winter Garden Theatre to-morrow, July 22nd. With him will be Elsie Randolph and Fred Emney, two of his associates in many Buchanan hits of past years. The plot gives Jack a part after his own heart—debonair man about town, he is mistaken for the leader of a gang of desperados. Precious jewels constantly changing hands, the exotic atmosphere of a South Coast luxury hotel, and, above all, the presence of Fred Emney, as Lord d'Arcy, a Scotland Yard sleuth, provide the situations dear to all Buchanan-Emney fans. Judging by reports from the provinces where *It's Time to Dance* has had a preliminary canter, London audiences have a treat in store. On the right is the reproduction of an impression by *Tatler* artist, Tom Titt, of Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph as they last appeared together in London in 1936 in *This'll Make You Whistle*



On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Freedom for the Duchess

A FLIGHT LIEUTENANT conspicuous for the colourful rows of decorations which adorned his tunic was amongst those who welcomed the Duchess of Kent when she went to Westminster Abbey to receive the freedom of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers, one of the City Companies in which the late Duke took a close personal interest. It was the Marquess of Carisbrooke, who served in the last war as a Captain of the Grenadier Guards and is now serving as a Junior Officer in the R.A.F.V.R.

The Duchess, who still wears full mourning for her husband, took the ancient oath of the Company in the Jerusalem Chamber of the Abbey (an unusual setting for a function of this kind), signed the roll of freemen, and afterwards shook hands with all the members of the Court, Sir Frank Salisbury among them. Field Marshal Lord Birdwood, erect and fit for all his seventy-eight years, immediate Past Master of the Company, and the Dean of Westminster, Dr. de Labilliere, who, as a member of the Court, had given permission for the meeting to be held in the Abbey, sat with the Duchess at the head of the Council Table.

Next day H.R.H. made her first appearance at a meeting of another of the many organisations in which she is taking over the duties of her husband, this time the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, of which the Duchess is President. At a small afternoon reception, the Duchess met members of the Council and made another of the short, well-pointed and charming speeches for which she has already such a reputation.

The Princesses at a Wedding

NEITHER the King nor the Queen was able to be present at the Saturday wedding of twenty-year-old Miss Winifred Hardinge to Mr. John Murray, of the Grenadier Guards, at the Guards' Chapel, but both Princess Elizabeth and

Princess Margaret, who have been friends of the bride for many years, were there. It was their first appearance "on their own," and a fanfare of trumpets announced their arrival. Accompanied by Lady Hyde (one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting), they were received at the door of the Chapel by the Rev. H. R. Norton, Chaplain to the Brigade of Guards, and both of them went on to the reception at St. James's Palace which followed the ceremony. The bride's father, Sir Arthur Hardinge, is the King's private secretary, and accompanied His Majesty on his recent North African tour. The bride, who was driven to the church in the Royal coach, had two bridesmaids, her sixteen-year-old sister, Elizabeth, and her cousin, the Hon. Mary Anna Sturt, who, though only fourteen, is just about the same height. Their frocks were full-skirted like that of the bride, and were made entirely of white net. They each wore a coronet of velvet flowers, red for one and blue for the other, representing the Guards' colours. Two little children, Gay Hardinge and Giles Viven, also attended the bride. The reception in Sir Arthur and Lady Hardinge's apartments was very crowded. There were two wedding cakes—one, the usual two-tier, hidden in a casing of white cardboard, the other a single-layer one, made by the Brigade's cook and presented by the Brigade. The four rows of pearls which the bride wore were the gift of her godmother, the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont-Nesbitt. One of her mother's presents was a painting outfit, for the bride, who is serving in the ranks of the W.R.N.S., is a talented artist and has inherited her mother's gift for painting.

All-Services Matinee

A GREAT welcome was given the hundred men in blue of the First and Eighth Armies who attended the special Services matinee of *The Magic Carpet*, at Princes Theatre, organised



At an Investiture

Above is Viscountess Daventry, C.B.E., widow of the Rt. Hon. Edward Algernon Fitzroy, late Speaker of the House of Commons, and her daughter, Sgt. Dispenser the Hon. Nancy Fitzroy, who was awarded the B.E.M. at a recent Investiture

by the All-Services Canteen Club, under the patronage of Mr. Anthony Eden. The men were wounded in the Tunisian fighting and were given a tremendous ovation worthy of a conquering army by the audience, all of them members of the Allied Nations' fighting and civilian Services and the guests for the afternoon of Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, the chairman and founder of the Club. Twenty of the wounded men had lunched beforehand with Mrs. Littlejohn Cook at the club at 12, Upper Grosvenor Street. Four taximen, regaled with beer and sandwiches, stood by, ignoring the consistent demands of passers-by, waiting to take the men to the theatre. Mrs. Anthony Eden, the Club's president, received them and later sat with Mrs. Littlejohn Cook and a party which



Mr. J. A. Murray Marries Miss W. M. Hardinge

Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret were guests at the wedding of Mr. John Anthony Jerningham Murray, Grenadier Guards, son of the late Mr. J. C. Murray and Mrs. Murray, of Oaksey House, Wilts., to Miss Winifred Mary Hardinge, daughter of the Hon. Sir Alexander and Lady Hardinge, of St. James's Palace, at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks



Mrs. Churchill Organises Another Flag Day

Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross "Aid to Russia" Flag Day is to take place in London on August 24th this year. The above photograph was taken at her Depot in 10, Downing Street, and shows Miss Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Miss Plant, Mrs. Althea Baxendale and Miss Muriel Bigg busily preparing the flags and tins



A Ceremony in Westminster Abbey

The Duchess of Kent was recently admitted to the Honorary Freedom of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers, in Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey. Above are the Beadle; the Marquess of Carisbrooke; Mr. John Salter Stooke-Vaughan; the Duchess of Kent, receiving the Diploma of Freedom from Mr. Stuart Coldwell Goodwin, the Worshipful Master; and Capt. Leslie Carr. The Duchess took the ancient oath of the Company and signed the roll of freemen

included Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, the new Viceroy of India; Admiral Stark, of the U.S. Navy; Field Marshal Lord Milne; General Devers, C.-in-C., U.S.A. Forces; Colonel Crawford, General Crane and the Foreign Secretary, who arrived late and left early, his duties in the House being particularly pressing that day, but who seemed thoroughly to enjoy his short time in the theatre. King Peter was in the box opposite with three members of his staff, and later, with his letter of appreciation, sent a handsome donation to the Club. Also amongst the audience were such distinguished guests as Mrs. Winant, Mrs. Wellington Koo, M. Jan Masaryk, the Ambassadors of Belgium, the Netherlands, Greece, Chile and Brazil; Colonel Lombard and members of the French

Corps Diplomatique, the Australian High Commissioner and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel Sir Ronald Ross, M.P., and so on and so on.

Seen in London

MR. C. E. M. JOAD, philosopher and wit, lunching with Florence Desmond—she in a black dress, severe black hat and a smart little leopardskin coat cut on bolero lines; he, making no concession to formality, in worsted flannel, pin-striped, brown shoes and no hat; S/Ldr. Count Manfred Czernin, D.F.C., Battle of Britain Hurricane pilot, home again after nearly two years in India, celebrating his return in Alf's Bar at the May Fair; Lady Ursula Vernon, with her two tall sons by her previous marriage to Mr. Billy Filmer Sankey, walking to save taxi petrol; Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond Graeme, accompanied by their faithful hound, a Cairn; Capt. Sir Basil Bartlett, hurrying along in uniform, a despatch-case under his arm (in pre-war days one would have guessed a manuscript—these days it is more likely official papers); Capt. the Hon. Arthur Baillie, walking through Trafalgar Square to his headquarters (his wife, Lady Maud Baillie, who is one of the Duke of Devonshire's daughters, is also often to be seen in khaki, as she is a Senior Commandant in the A.T.S.); Brigadier Bowden-Smith, one of our best-looking soldiers, hurrying along with two other cavalry officers; Lieut.-Gen. Willoughby Norrie fearlessly bicycling down Piccadilly at a great speed, a basket filled to overflowing somewhat precariously balanced on the handlebars; and Lady Bruntisfield, in tweed jacket and jodhpurs, crossing into Hyde Park for a ride in the cool of the evening (in pre-war days she hunted in Leicestershire, where she went very well riding astride).

Night Life

ONE of the gayest spots in London these days is the Bagatelle, which seems to get increasingly popular with those returning from service overseas. Guests there recently have included Lord Chesham, who had a party for his son, the Hon. John Cavendish, home from the Middle East; Lady Jersey, also with a party which included two American officers and a Norwegian officer; the Marchioness of Crewe, dining with Mr. Michael Renshaw, who is in the Brigade of Guards (Lady Crewe, who was greatly beloved in Paris when her husband was our Ambassador there for six years after the last war, is an ardent worker in the cause of the Fighting French); Viscount and Viscountess Bury dining quietly alone; Group-Capt. and Mrs. Rogerson (the younger daughter of the late

Solly Joel), also alone; Lord and Lady Doverdale with a party of six; Lady Bridget Eliot, very lovely in a printed frock, dining à deux (she had come up to town from the country after working all day in a factory); Capt. Bobbie Cunningham Reid with a small party, dancing energetically the whole evening; Capt. and Mrs. Frank Covell celebrating the anniversary of their wedding, with friends surrounding them every little while to drink their health; Mr. Carol Reed with his lovely wife, Diana Wynyard, greeting two friends home from the Middle East fighting; the Earl and Countess of Dumfries, seen all too seldom in London these days; and an interesting-looking Guards officer with his arm in a sling—the result, he said, of a shrapnel wound he got in the Tunisian fighting, and two Rifle Brigade officers, also wounded in the Middle East and now well on the way to complete recovery.

Twenty-First

A YOUTHFUL party of two dozen or more celebrated the coming-of-age of Mrs. Crocker Bulteel's second daughter, Georgie, who is in the A.T.S. Mrs. Bulteel's elder girl, Diana,



New Conservative M.P.

Mr. John F. Gretton arrived to take his seat in the House, with his wife. He was returned unopposed for Burton-on-Trent, previously represented by his father, Col. John Gretton

as dark as Georgie is fair, was there, and Lady (Cecil) Newman joined forces with her young daughter, Annabelle. Among the other girls were the Hon. Marygold Mills and Lady Penelope Herbert, the youngest of the party, for she is only eighteen. Lady Bruntisfield, in a long, black dress, joined the party after a hard day in the saddle. She had been at Oxted Horse Show, where she took first prize in the hack class as well as for the best horse in the show.

Forthcoming Wedding

LADY KNOTT has decided that her marriage to Cdr. Edward Obbard, R.N., is to be a morning ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on the last day of the month, with a reception afterwards at Grosvenor House. Lady Knott intends to keep on her flat in Lowndes Square, where she has been living since she left her lovely home in the Channel Islands, Samares Manor. She had a fine herd of Jersey cattle there, several champion heifers among them. They were all named either Prince or Princess, after the Prince Shipping Line which was founded by her millionaire husband, the late Sir James Knott. Even his yacht was called Princess. She was the first yacht to be fitted with Diesel oil engines and was subsequently sold to Lord Kemsley. Lady Knott works regularly with the Channel Islands Refugee

(Concluded on page 88)



Oxfordshire Wedding

Capt. James Marriott, G.M., O.B.L.I., son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Marriott, of Witney, Oxon, married Rosamund Dora Birch Reynardson, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Birch Reynardson, of Ardwell House, Tetsworth, at Ardwell Church

Second Helping

More Pictures of "Sweet and Low," the
Gingold-Crisham Show at the Ambassadors



"But while our Ivan dillied and dallied,
Two dashing Cossacks met the girls,
And now they're married"

In "Ivan Ivanovitch," an amusing bit of Russian pastiche, Bonar Colleano appears as the melancholy Ivan, with Richard Curnack and Graham Penley as his Cossack friends, and Pauline Fraser and Denise de Brie as Olga and Sonya

● *Sweet and Low* is breaking records at the Ambassadors Theatre. It is proving a worthy successor to *The Gate Revue of 1939*, *Rise Above It* and *Sky High*, the three earlier shows in which the brilliant team-work of Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham was seen. In turn witty and sophisticated, satirical and inconsequent, it provides the perfect entertainment for the war-weary

Photographs by John Vickers



"Oh, what a thrill, oh! what a thrill!
Biking in bloomers down Wimbledon Hill"
Edna Wood and Brenda Bruce, rejoicing in the freedom
of the roads, go "Biking in Bloomers in Battersea Park"



"June gave a hint of a small sum of money,
A change of address, and a wire from Peru"

"The Stars never mentioned you" provides a sentimental
moment in which Walter Crisham and Yvonne Jaques dance



"Now they're as happy as a trio can be,
They're booked up till the Spring"

Walter Crisham as Iago, Hermione Gingold as Desdemona, and Bonar Colleano as
Othello, give the finale of Act I, a swing in Leslie Julian Jones's version of "Othello"



Edna: "There's a heavenly film at the Elysium Palace"
 Bonar: "I hate documentaries"
Edna Wood and Bonar Colleano in "Floor Over the Top Floor," a lyric written by Eric Maschwitz



"The fun that we had in *Sky High* out on tour,
 When we fought like two bombers
 attacking the Ruhr"
*Hermione Gingold laments the absence of
 the other Hermione — Hermione Baddeley*



Grisham: "What's Firth Shephard looking so sour about?"
 Hermione: "I expect someone has sent him an English play to read"
*In "Poison Ivy," by Denis Waldo, the two stars discuss with
 alarming candour some of London's most famous theatrical personalities*



"I'm quite glad I'm a Clippie,
 Tho' my feet aren't, I'll admit"
*The adventures of a Clippie on a London bus are told
 by Brenda Bruce in the words of Nicholas Phipps*

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

EXCEPT to be photographed with for the picture-papers, enveloped in a large self-conscious grin, that 29-inch Ramon Allones cigar which recently fetched £150 at a Christie's Red Cross sale strikes us as merely academic, as Samuel ("Socks") Butler said of dumb-bells.

Very long cigars, like very tall girls, are collectors' pieces. On the other hand, long cigars probably keep some Cuban Carmen working overtime, thus causing her to break her date with some Cuban Don José, who is thereby saved from (a) losing his corporal's stripes and (b) the bother of having to do her in later, the little gipsy she-devil, and be hanged.

We forget what connoisseur, having inspected the 5000 *cigarreras* employed in the vast baroque *Fabrica de Tabacos* at Seville, observed that one passable Carmen in 50 is not a bad percentage as women go. Among the other 80 per cent., in our unfortunate view, would be the gipsies, the average feminine gipsy pan, in Spain as elsewhere, being notably free from magic (and maybe it's these homely girls who get the longest cigars to make, since nobody need worry about their evenings off). That 2 per cent. standard applies equally, no doubt, to any Lancashire cotton-mill, with an interesting difference noted by that

keen observer, Arnold Bennett, who remarked at Blackpool that the beauties of the industrial North appear to patronise their oculists to the detriment of their dentists. It therefore follows (if you're attending) that a gap-toothed British Carmen in spectacles might go over 100 per cent. in Cadiz or San Cristobal de Habana, being a new, mysterious and exotic type. Next time you're in Manchester look up *El Guardian* boys in the Calle de la Cruz, in the Triana, or gipsy quarter, and give our love to green-eyed Concepcion Perez in the postal post-mortem department, where the remains of Simonite Liberals are examined for paralysis and pip.

Tossbots

QUISLING'S boys, according to a late German high official in Norway, are mostly drunk; like the Vikings, but—oddly enough—unlike our Sturdy Saxon Forbears, of whom you have read in the official or Whig history books.

Mr. Belloc's Mrs. Markham explains the Saxon position very nicely to Tommy and Mary in her famous chats on English History. She admits they drank a lot, but:

"We must remember that they were ruder than we are, for we all get better as time goes on, but they were of the same sturdy stuff that we are and had the same self-control and



"Remember, if you're discovered, you must expect no assistance from the W.R.N.S."

decency, so I am sure they never got drunk—a horrible idea, as you rightly say."

Maybe it was this decency—plus a rude form of cricket, played with skulls and thighbones—which had such an effect on those howling savages the Vikings that they instantly turned into English gentlemen, as you see from the coloured pictures. As a matter of fact the eminent Saxon Osbert the Well-Sitter makes rather an issue of it in a saga beginning:

Over the rolling wave,
over the gannet-bath,
over the water-throng,
abode of the whale,
fair-haired outsiders,
Harald Egg-Face,
Nils of the Bloody Snuzzle,
thousands of Vikings,
absolute cads,
all simply plastered,
landed on Anglo-shores,
saw Saxon decency,
took a few eager
knocks at the nets,
shed all their coarseness,
oaths and inebriety,
kept a straight bat,
turned to a cross between
Parsifal
and Anthony Eden.

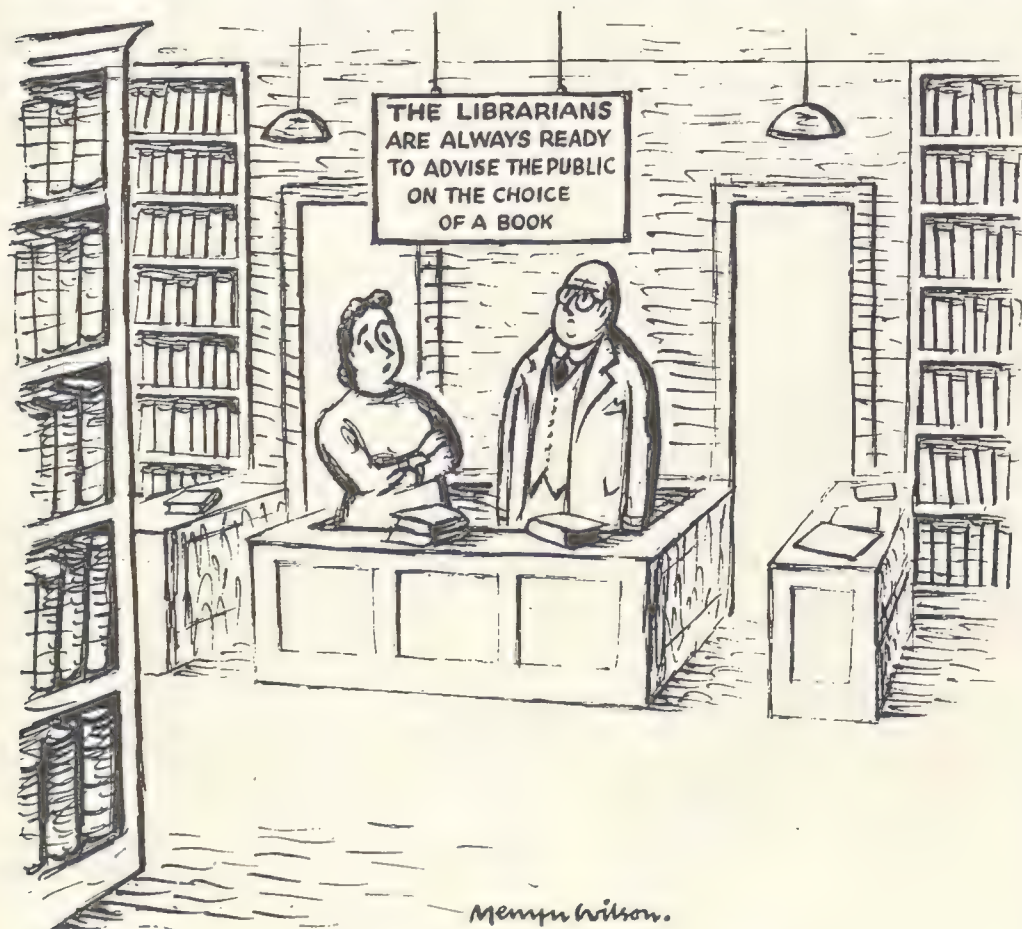
We don't know who these last Nordic heroes were.

Fuzz

RECENT photographs of Wingate's bearded bashibazouka of the Burmese Jungle, whose exploits are so fantastic, gave one a good idea of what the troops looked like in the Crimean and the American Civil wars. Brigadier Wingate himself looked the dead spit of Stonewall Jackson.

Evidently beards assist intensive modern warfare. They also assist intensive modern thought, as it is often called, by trapping and holding a lot of clotted poohbah which might otherwise have got through. When Karl Marx, who peeped out at Life from a sort of maelstrom of boiling fuzz, combed it out at intervals, a chap once told us, a musical-box began to play *Ach, du lieber Augustin* and a jumbled torrent of words

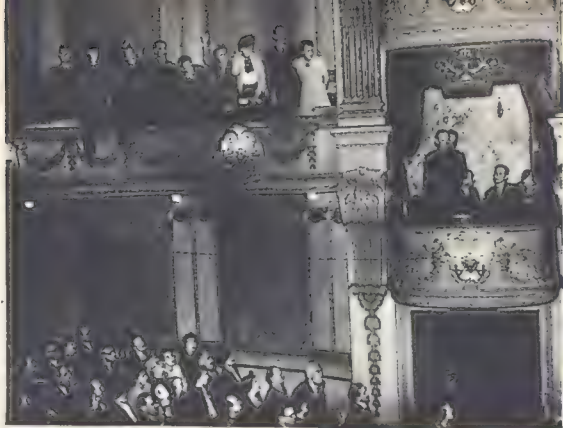
(Concluded on page 78)



"Let's recommend each other a good book"

The Open Secret

General Montgomery's
May Visit to England



The audience at the Strand Theatre gave him an ovation



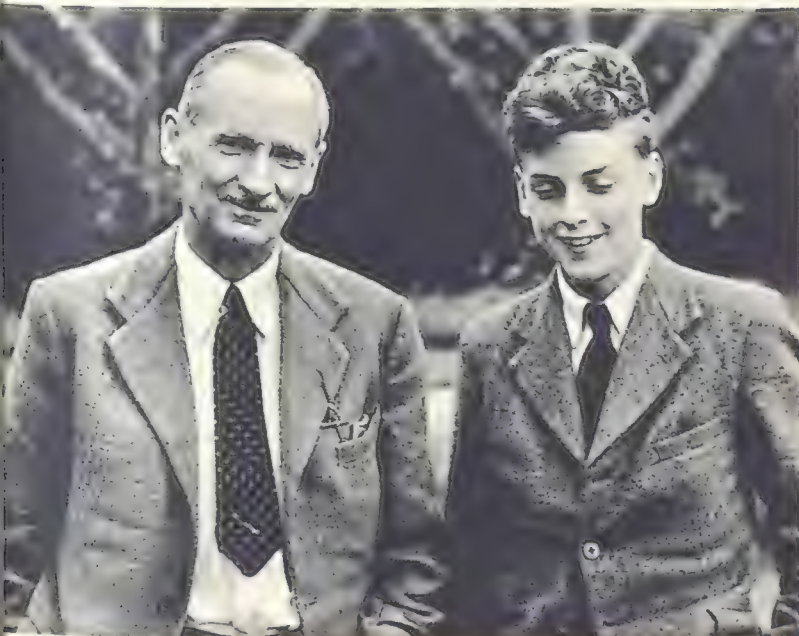
The General and his friends went to "Arsenic and Old Lace"



During his unofficial visit home in May, after the Tunisian victory, General Sir Bernard Montgomery was frequently recognised and mobbed by his admirers. Here he is in a London street under police protection



After the performance of "Arsenic and Old Lace," Naughton Wayne, Martin Miller, Mary Jerrold and Lilian Braithwaite were received by General Montgomery in his box



David Montgomery is the only child of the General, who is a widower. While his father is away he is in the care of Major and Mrs. T. Reynolds, of Amesbury School. The General spent part of the day watching the boys' cricket



It was a big day for the boys of Amesbury School when General Montgomery paid them a visit. His son, David, is a pupil at Amesbury, and in this picture is seated between his father and Mrs. Reynolds

Standing By ...

(Continued)

fell into the dustbin. Had these gone into *Das Kapital* no Communist intellectual would have been able to plough through it (no Communist intellectual can now, for that matter); a frightful thought. Contrariwise, a chap who once grew a No. 5 Joad to annoy some women told us he got nothing out of it with a comb but giggles.

Modern soldiers' beards give them a curious air of being connected, against their will, with the *Times*—the sort of serious-minded, hot, sullen, defiant look one sees on the faces of venerable leader-writers caught by Auntie playing leapfrog round the corridors at Printing House Square. Odd, what?

Whimsy

WHETHER the current exhibition in Bond Street of works by Charles Méryon, father of modern etching (1821-68), includes his famous whimsy plate of the Ministry of Marine, Paris, we don't know. It should be studied by all taxpayers.

Méryon's idea in filling the sky of the Place de la Concorde with a flying mob of tiny fantastic figures mounted on porpoises and sea-horses has never been authoritatively explained, though a French artist once suggested to us that these are the souls of dead Permanent Officials Class I haunting the place where they dreamed so long and cosily.

French bureaucracy has inspired far more cracks from the satirists than Whitehall. In Georges Courteline's comic novel *Messieurs les Ronds-de-Cuir* (so called from the traditional round leather cushions on which French Civil Servants rest their trousers) the Ministry of Gifts and Bequests consists of one homicidal nut and half a dozen officials who use the office, when they happen to go there, for their hobbies, the Director himself being an amateur vaudeville-lyric writer and man-about-town by choice. In one of Sacha Guitry's comedies there is a Civil Servant making love to the wife of a chap on the next floor. "Naturally," her husband explains, "he's always at home." Maybe Méryon was having a romp with the red-tape boys as well.

Future

IT'S just as well to get some idea of the habits and customs of Civil Servants, we think, because in the post-war New Utopia there will be one attached permanently to every British home to see that the rules for compulsory liberty are properly carried out and to take notes for the secret police. The growing Free British underground movement seems to us pathetic.

Encounter

RAPPING those fanatics who sit on the floor, a B.B.C. "Proms" mogul writing to the *Times*

seemed unaware that many of the odd Bloomsbury shapes you see at Promenade concerts, and nowhere else, are compelled to squat in order to express themselves.

In the year 1926 we had a few words with one of these after treading on a strange hairy being of ape-like appearance who was not sitting on the crowded floor of Queen's Hall, but reclining at full length. He said he had to listen to Beethoven in this way in order to get the right vibrations, red, green, and orange, in the order named. A lot of other things came into it, such as Karma and the Seven-Fold Way, and it turned out that Nirvana (or annihilation) was this ape-like being's ultimate goal. That was all right with us, too. However, being trodden on apparently upset his vibrations, which became mauve and Prussian blue. The July heat in Queen's Hall was tropical. Sir Henry's third collar was a rag, the gasping goldfish in the fountain was practically boiled alive, the orchestra looked red-hot, weird elfin and gargoyle faces loomed and peered from the crowd at us during this interval, and the ape-man lay there and scrabbled with his weak beard and talked about the Universal Oversoul. Finally a big, tough, frowning girl in tweeds fell over him and said, very justly, "There's only one way to remove things like this—*Flit*," and we left her to it and went out for a nice warm beer.

Such episodes seem to show that what the B.B.C. want to run the Proms. properly are not floor-managers but entomologists:

Relieve

ROME Radio's remark the other night that the Duce has "an almost physical revulsion against having his words taken down and printed" is stirring the booksy underworld to its murkiest depths, our spies report.

Being practically one of us inky boys—you may remember his play *Napoleon*,



"Jerry? Jerry who?"

produced in London a few years ago—the Duce's sudden coyness about being printed has already led one or two leading girls in the fiction racket to describe him as a big, blue-chinned, double-crossing sissy. Our feeling, contrariwise, is that he has been suddenly smitten with remorse for the future of printers' children.

Printers' children often rouse from sleep late at night to hear their male parent waking and being very ill indeed. "Dear Heaven," says the printer's wife in anguish, "he's been setting up another 50 pages of Dirty Gertie's tripe again!" Even the hardest members of their proud, ancient craft may suddenly succumb in this way, collapsing with an open snuffbox and a handful of 12-pt. Fournier or Caslon Old Face into the arms of the Father of the Chapel. Another thing printers get from handling booksy girls' manuscripts is dermatitis, a disease of the fingers. Knowing their parent to be thus nightly exposed to danger, their children become wan, nervous, and haggard, though they don't mind (we've asked them) their fathers setting up a page like this, clean, decent prose devoid of sexy bawling. As if booksy girls cared about the little ones!



"Just had news my eldest boy's been posted to the Chindits"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A Charming Artist

And Some of Her Drawings



Asleep :
Georgina Scott



Charmian Scott, Aged Eleven Months



Yevonde

Lady George Scott



Charmian and Georgina, Daughters of the Artist



Evacuees in the W.V.S. Day Nursery

Lady George Scott, whose delightful drawings are seen on this page, is the wife of Major Lord George Scott, younger brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and is a sister-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester. Before her marriage, as Molly Bishop the artist, her portrait sketches of well-known people often appeared in *The Bystander*. Lady George Scott lives in Scotland, kept busy doing all her own domestic work. Besides looking after her own two children she finds time to help in a W.V.S. day nursery, looking after evacuees. Films for photographs being unobtainable, she keeps a pictorial record of her children's progress with her own pencil



Sir Harold G. Howitt, D.S.O., M.C., F.C.A., J.P., a member of the Air Council and of the Air Supply Board, is by profession a chartered accountant. He was educated at Uppingham, and served in the last war, being twice decorated and four times mentioned in despatches. He was recently appointed Deputy Chairman of the British Overseas Air Corporation.



Sir Arthur W. Street, K.C.B., M.C., has been Permanent Under-Secretary for Air and Member and Secretary of the Air Council since 1939. He has held secretarial posts at the Ministry of Agriculture, at the Admiralty, and at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, and from 1938 to 1939 was First Deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Air Ministry.



Lord Sherbrooke, Secretary of State for Air, during the war. He was previously Secretary of the Air Force, and was Secretary to the Air Force during the war.

Air Ministry Chiefs



Air Vice-Marshal R. M. Hill, C.B., M.C., A.F.C., M.A., was serving with the British Air Commission in Washington before becoming Director-General of Research and Development. He previously commanded the R.A.F. in Palestine and Trans-Jordan (1936-38), and later was Director of Technical Development at the Air Ministry and Ministry of Aircraft Production. He was for two years Air A.D.C. to the King.



Air Vice-Marshal L. N. Hollingshurst, C.B., O.B.E., D.F.C., is Director-General of Organisation, R.A.F. From 1914-19 he saw active service in Gallipoli, Salonika and France, transferring from the Middlesex Regiment to the R.F.C. in 1916. Later he served in Afghanistan and the North-West Frontier, and with the Shanghai Defence Force. He took up his present appointment in 1941.



Air Chief-Marshal Sir John Slessor, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.F.C., is Controller-General of the Royal Air Force. He was previously Secretary of the Air Force, and was Secretary to the Air Force during the war.



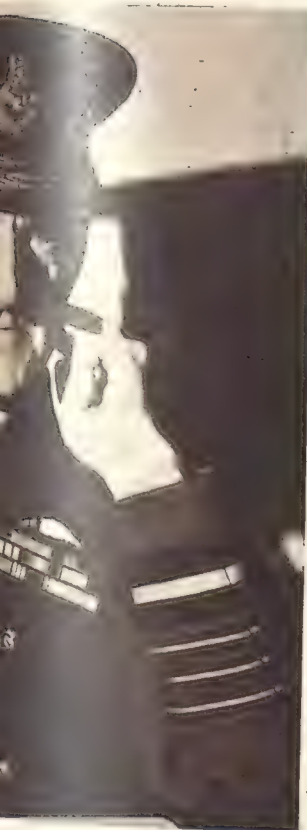
additional Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air in 1940.



Capt. the Rt. Hon. Harold Balfour, P.C., M.C., M.P., is Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Air, and the Conservative Member of Parliament for Thanet. In 1914 he joined the 60th Rifles, and a year later was attached to the R.F.C. and in 1918 to the R.A.F. Since 1923 he has been occupied in business and as a journalist.



Air Marshal Sir Bertine Sutton, K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., Air Member for Personnel, won his decorations in the last war, when as a Flight Commander he was known for his complete disregard of danger. During the first two years he served in a cavalry regiment. Before taking up his present job, he was Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College.



J. Steele, G.C.B., since 1941, started his Service as a cadet in H.M.S. Britannia, and European Wars in the R.A.F. in 1919. He was in the post of 'Voice of Great Britain' from 1933-35 in Iraq.



Air Vice-Marshal W. B. Cushion, C.B.E., is Director-General of Equipment, R.A.F. He was commissioned in the Manchester Regiment in 1914, and was attached to the R.F.C. in 1915, serving in France for three years. He took a permanent commission in the R.A.F. in 1919, and later served for five years in India, and from 1933-35 in Iraq.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bt., K.T., P.C., C.M.G., became Secretary of State for Air in 1940. Educated at Eton and Sandhurst, he entered the Army in 1910. He was Chief Liberal Whip, 1930-31, and Secretary of State for Scotland, 1931-32. Sir Archibald recently visited North Africa, the Middle East and Malta on a tour of inspection of R.A.F. units and stations.



*Sir Torquil and Lady Munro
and Their Children*



James and Fiona Munro

Sir Torquil and Lady Munro and their children were photographed at Lindertis, one of Sir Torquil's three places in Argyll. They were married in 1934; she was Miss Moira Hunter, and is his second wife. James and Fiona, their children, are aged six and two. Sir Torquil succeeded his father in 1919, as the fifth Baronet, and has a son by his previous marriage

Photographs by Compton Collier

In Angus and Argyll



Nicholas and Anthony Huntingdon

Mrs. Huntingdon is the wife of F/Lt. W. Vivian Huntingdon, R.A.F., of Bonawe House, Argyll, who is serving overseas. They have two sons, Nicholas and Anthony. Mrs. Huntingdon is the elder sister of Sir Anthony Palmer, Bt., of Shurdington Court, Cheltenham, who was reported missing some time ago, while serving abroad



Mrs. W. V. Huntingdon and Her Sons

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Fixtures?

LET us hope that they are, but how can anyone know? Racing fixtures are not much more certain at this moment than is another "fixture," about which you and I know nothing, and are unlikely to know anything before the "off." So far we have only seen the preliminary canter, and have got the comforting assurance that the one we have backed has gone down very well, looks as bright as a guinea and is absolutely certain to come home with his ears cocked. The Stewards of the Jockey Club have allotted September 18th to the Leger at Newmarket; October 5th to the Champion Stakes, which is only 1½ miles, no kind of a test for a stayer; October 6th to the Middle Park (6 furlongs), the Two-Year-Olds' "Derby"; October 19th to the Jockey Club Cup, 2½ miles; October 20th to the Dewhurst (7 furlongs) for two-year-olds, and sundry other dates to less prominent events. All this must, of course, be preceded by the two words "provided always," because in every big fight it is not only one of the chaps who does the hitting, and it is giving away no stable secret to say that there is going to be a most bloodsome fight. So what? There can be no indication whatever about jump racing, but, hoping almost against hope, I trust that we may not be again condemned to rely entirely upon "neutral" Eire for that sort of thing as we were last season. Only about a round dozen of our horses went to Ireland, which is the same thing as saying that all our jumpers were out of work.

A Good Gee-Gee

JUST before the Leger last year it was (quite infamously) suggested that Mr. Allnatt ought to put a "G" in front of the name of his colt which has won this year's Gold Cup, and also that at that time he knew that Ujiji was the better of his bargain basement colts, as he was certainly the better-performed; yet in the Leger, in which Shahpoor started at a slightly shorter price, they were both down the course. In this recent Gold Cup (2½ miles) Shahpoor again was preferred, but Ujiji beat him, and everything else, out of sight; in fact, after they had gone the New Leger distance it

was no race, and Gordon Richards could have made that eight lengths sixteen if he had wanted to. The "form" horse, if we now dare to talk about long-distance form at all, just got the Leger distance, and after that a man in top boots could have beaten him. The "Book" said Hyperides, but here was just another case of "he wins upon paper, but he has not yet won upon turf." The race was a sad sight, because it told us so plainly that the real long-distance customer has disappeared, and that, unless measures are taken to recreate him he may never return. One swallow never has made a summer, and in the present case, there was no real sign-post pointing to Ujiji (fourth in last year's Guineas, third in the Derby and third in the Champion behind Big Game and Afterthought). All we knew was that he was an honest, persevering steed. Shahpoor beat him three lengths in the Coronation Cup (1½ miles) this year, and Hyperides beat Shahpoor in that race three-quarters of a length with a bit in hand. And then, almost immediately afterwards, Ujiji makes Commissariat mules of the whole lot of them, and proves conclusively that he was the only thing we have in training capable of getting two miles, plus the bittock. After this Gold Cup I could not help regretting that Afterthought was not here. She won last year's Jockey Club Cup (2½ miles) from High Table by a short head, Bukhtawar a head away third, for she might have lightened the gloom a bit, and yet again perhaps not, for Ujiji laid High Table out stone cold over the same distance in this Gold Cup. And again Owen Tudor beat Afterthought in last year's Gold Cup three lengths, giving her 1 st. 10 lb. This makes the headache even worse. I wonder if Sun Chariot would have told us anything if she also had not been retired last season.

A Sage Seer

IT would well repay a good many of us to read a quite remarkable dissertation by "Augur" of *The Sporting Life*, published on December 22nd, 1941, upon the subject of the gradual disappearance of the long-distance horse. He said—and, of course, he is right—that there are too many sprint races, and that

(Concluded on page 84)



At Baldoye Races, Dublin

The Argentine Ambassador to Great Britain (left) and his daughter, Senorita Stella Carcano, were at Baldoye with Mr. Frankie More O'Ferrall, brother of Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall, the Irish trainer



Poole, Dublin

The Baldoye Derby Winner

Mr. Fred S. Myerscough won the Baldoye Derby with Scots Guard, and Mrs. Cyril Myerscough led in the winner. Mr. Myerscough's horse, The Phoenix, won the Irish Derby some weeks ago



Cricket Match: Eton Beats Wellington by Three Wickets

The Eton XI, who recently beat Wellington, had previously drawn with Winchester and Radley, and beaten Charterhouse. Standing: R. J. Boughey, H. A. Hely-Hutchinson, M. D. Hoare, N. G. D. Proudlock, the Hon. L. R. White, P. H. L. Hills. Sitting: J. F. Cory-Wright, W. G. Keighley (captain), M. E. A. Keeling. In front: E. R. Flint, P. D. S. Blake



The Wellington XI, who lost to Eton, have this season beaten Haileybury, St. Edward's and O.C.T.U., Sandhurst. Standing: J. A. McKay-Forbes, P. N. S. Frazer, J. A. W. Whitehead, G. E. A. Playfair, P. L. Blandy, W. F. Richardson. Sitting: L. H. C. Emsden, R. H. Woolcombe (captain), R. A. Hill. In front: T. I. F. Tod, P. L. Coffyn

D. R. Stuart

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

two-year-olds get far too much bucketing before they have had time to get on their legs. Again right, I feel sure, and I would go a bit farther even than he does, and say that sprint racing is highly destructive of nervous energy, especially in the case of immature animals. The French do not breed better horses than we do, because the phosphates in our grass and in the Irish grass are better, but they have produced some good long-distance horses, and they think that this is so because they do not knock them about so much as two-year-olds. At one time they banned two-year-old racing till August, then went back to July, and later to the middle of June, but up to three there is too much of this nervous force destroying sprinting. I quote this one passage from "Augur's," article advocating more long-distance racing and fewer of these flash-in-the-pan contests, which are just about the same thing as the petits-chevaux game:

There are too few distance contests nowadays. Take the 1938 season as a criterion. To May, of the 314 races promoted, events of 2 miles and over numbered seven. Of the Newmarket Spring series of sixty races, two were beyond 1½ miles and another over 2 miles.



The Oxford University Boxing Club Team

Oxford University Boxing Club lost to the R.A.F. recently at Oxford by five bouts to six, a very creditable performance, considering their youth, and lack of experience outside their public schools. Sitting: N. J. Cooper (Jesus), J. B. E. Baker (Magdalen; captain, O.U.B.C.), Col. John Kyffin (President of O.U.B.C.), E. M. Russo (Pembroke; Hon. Secretary, O.U.B.C.), K. W. Chislett (St. Edmund Hall), R. M. Millett (Merton). Standing: Sgt. Inst. A. E. Gallie, E. F. Smith (New College), J. T. Harris (Jesus), C. S. Warner (Trinity), J. A. Rose (Christ Church), C. G. Carson (Hertford), G. D. Moseby (Jesus), D. A. Marks (Christ Church)



Some of the Heads at "Headquarters." By "The Tout"

Lt.-Col. Bernard Horning has inherited his father's (the late Mr. J. Horning) love of racing. He lives at West Grinstead Park, and trains with Basil Jarvis at headquarters. Dick Perryman, formerly Lord Derby's jockey, finished his riding career last year as the result of a bad motoring smash. He has just opened up as a trainer at Newmarket. One of his patrons is S/Ldr. Stanhope Joel. Mr. E. Holland-Martin, a new member of the Jockey Club, Director of the Bank of England, and a well-known G.R. in peacetime, trains with Jack Waugh at Newmarket. Major J. B. Walker, also a member of the Jockey Club, has owned horses for a number of years. He won a race at headquarters the other day. J. Sime, now in the Army, is Jack Waugh's smart apprentice. He steered Response to victory in the spring. The Hon. Francis Egerton and the Hon. Thomas Egerton, a Steward of the Jockey Club, are well within driving distance of the July Course from Stetchworth Park, the Newmarket seat of their brother, the Earl of Ellesmere.

The owner can hardly be blamed if, in the circumstances, he seeks the line of least resistance and spends all his pennies on acquiring something, or anything, that can cut the minutes for five furlongs. Win all you can and then see for all you can get may be very sound finance but, if the sprinter is the only thing to be catered for, we ought not to be surprised at results such as we have just seen in this deplorable Gold Cup.

Backing Them

At least some of them, and I think that the operator who put his money down to win him £10,000 over Ribbon in the Leger is a near relative of Cardinal Wiseman. The call-over made her only fourth favourite at 15 to 1 (8 to 1 taken), and I think that that is a very nice price. As to some others, they made Persian Gulf favourite at 6 to 1, and I suppose that this must be "to figures." He made a fortune in the running in the Derby and finished a pretty good fourth, but I think that I should like to take Straight Deal to beat him again over the extra quarter of a mile (not extra six furlongs, as someone has gaily informed us) wherever they finish, but I repeat my firm conviction that Ribbon will beat the whole boiling of them. Persian Gulf has had a great Press since the Derby. The acceptances cause no particular surprise, unless you call Nasrullah one. His heart failed him at the finish of the Derby, but even if it had not, I doubt whether he would have won. A slogging match is not to his liking. However, hope springs eternal in the human breast, and perhaps they may have found Mr. Jorrocks's prescription for putting a bit of ginger into him.

Alf's Button

And even if it is Bert's, we must not say where he stupidly said he was going when he gave it to us as a souvenir. These gallant warriors never mean to be indiscreet, but even Homer nodded. The present is a moment when silence is more than golden, because the enemy's ears, which are all around us, are more than usually cocked and ready to collect those straws of information which, when put together, are capable of being built up into a very considerable stack. There are many kinds of "fishermen," and it is suggested that the most dangerous amongst them is the one clever enough to put on an Idiot Boy act. Beware of him, especially when he opens the "Of course, I know nothing about it, but last Thursday I saw..." gambit. He is dying for someone to say: "But you couldn't have, because..." He then gets the very bit of negative information for which he was angling. There are many other tricks of the "fisherman's" trade. The safest way is never to believe that any of them are amateurs.



O.K. for Fingers?

This interesting little ordeal has no connection with Blind Man's Bluff but is merely a means of testing the candidate's control of finger tremor and closed eyelids

Right: What's bred in the bone comes out in the blood. Blood pressure is recorded by fixing round the arm a rubber bag connected with a column of mercury. The bag is inflated (note the professional zeal of the corporal responsible for the necessary air supply) until the pressure inside it equals the blood pressure. Obliteration of the arterial flow (if you follow our meaning) is ascertained by the medical officer by listening to the pulse and is recorded by reading the height of the column of mercury. Any questions?



Any Minute Now . . .



Got Yer!

"Application of scaled instrument for eye convergence rating." That is the official description of the major operation involved and the sinister apparatus employed. Candidates whose eyes (a) do not converge at all, or (b) drop out on the floor, are suitably dealt with

Air Crew Candidates from the Initial Training Wings of the R.A.F. must be guaranteed sound as the proverbial bell and of necessity nothing can be left to chance by the medical officers. The ordinary examination sounds thorough enough, for it consists in medical lingo of "estimation of visual acuity, examination of mouth, teeth and throat by direct inspection, examination of heart and lungs by means of inspection, percussion and auscultation with a stethoscope." However, that's not all. There are various "Apparatus" tests, some of which are illustrated with alarming realism by Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler on this page

E. G. Oakley Beuttler
1943



Both Eyes Together

Here we have the Converging Test for Eye Reaction in its initial stages. The medical officer moves a pencil slowly towards the face of the victim and draws his own conclusions. What the victim thinks is not recorded

Below: If there is any doubt about the candidate's hearing after the preliminary test, which consists of making him repeat words spoken in a conversational tone at a certain distance, sterner methods are adopted. In other words, out come the tuning forks



What Sweet Sound is This?

Eyes, Ears and Arteries

Candidates for Air Crew in the Melting Pot: by Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Knights of Malta

TATTERED BATTLEMENTS"—A Malta Diary, by Fighter Pilot (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.), contains brilliant accounts of action, but I am not certain that its reflective passages are not the most interesting of all. This is a day-to-day record of the most critical stage of Malta's defence, in the early months of 1942. The entries in the diary, though in themselves so matter-of-fact, convey to one a sense of momentousness and of the writer's keyed-up, though controlled, mood: Action, at the highest possible pressure, alternated with waiting or resting periods in which the senses stayed sharp and the thoughts raced—and these, too, bred, one can feel, a special kind of fatigue.

This is the story, told by one of their number, of that handful of fighter pilots, with still fewer machines—sometimes, in fact, reduced to a Spitfire or two—who pitted themselves against those waves after waves of Nazis who, daily, attempted the destruction of Malta from the air. The conditions under which the defenders fought may not, at the time, have been realised by us at home. They were unavoidable, and they were sustained in silence. The whole of the story cannot be ours even now: *Tattered Battlements* shows the restrictions of censorship—but, even so, the book speaks directly to one's imagination. The style has an effortless vividness.

Here, for instance, is Malta, as first seen by the arriving pilot, from the air:—

... Began, the last long stretch across the sea to Malta. Presently we could see cumulus clouds ahead; we'd been told these usually formed over the island during the day; soon Gozo's perpendicular cliffs came into view, behind them Malta's. The two islands appeared flat and of the same thickness, like sections cut from a tree-trunk, but their colouring—a rich honey—looked beautiful against the background of blue. The C.O. called the Malta homing station to announce our approach, and could hear them warning us to be careful because there were 110's over the island. When we were still ten miles out we could see pillars of dust and smoke from bomb-bursts; clearly we'd arrived in the middle of a raid; that was appropriate and rather exciting. As we flew in low I was struck by the apparent density of the population and by the beauty of the local stone.

The sense of Malta as a place—with an identity, a strong local atmosphere and a palpable past—as apart from a mere station, or scene of action, never leaves the writer of *Tattered Battlements*. One feels the glare of the sun, through that March and April, the often, pellucid blue of the danger-charged sky, the fatal frailness (in air raids) of the modern stone buildings. Even the town statues have personality; and the still uninjured bubble-dome of a cathedral, seen from the flat roof of the mess, becomes familiar to us, as to the young men.

Each of the raids, even, has a particular character of its own.

Can one wonder that at least one of the pilots, the writer, came to feel a deep and curious tie with this island for which he fought, and whose exposure he, when on the ground, shared? Having been caught in the streets by a severe raid on Valetta, he returns several days afterwards to assure himself that the statue of Queen Victoria is still there. But it is the Knights of Malta themselves who begin to engage, and hold, his imagination. The Knights have left their buildings all over the island, and their tradition everywhere in the air. Reading and pondering over a book about them, he is struck by parallels—though, also, by contrasts—between the Knights as they were then and the R.A.F. as it is to-day.

Internationals

THERE were certain obvious differences, it is true, but they did not affect the fundamental likeness. For instance, the Order was recruited only from a certain caste, and proof of nobility for four generations on either side was required of the aspirant: the Service disregards class, creed and colour. The Order was a professional one; the Service, at its fighting level, is more predominantly amateur. . . . They [the Knights] must have been a tough race in their best days: the garrison of St. Angelo during the great siege fought to the last man without thought of surrender, young and old, Knight and man-at-arms alike. . . . I used to think of the Knights and try to picture their way of life. In some ways, not so much because of their militant rather than humanistic outlook, as because of their



Mrs. H. B. Tate, the National Conservative M.P. for Frome, Somerset, since 1935, was a globe-trout before the war. Her hobby is collecting china, glass and porcelain objets d'art. Here we see her with three Viennese glass models of peasants, collected in Austria during one of her many travels

organisation into languages, the Order resembled the Service rather than a University. These languages must have corresponded to the national Squadrons of the R.A.F.; once it was Castile, Provence, Italy, Auvergne, Aragon; now it is Rhodesia, Poland, Australia, Norway, Czechoslovakia, New Zealand, Canada, Belgium, the United States.

This discussion of what one might call the old and the new. Knights of Malta expands into several pages that are, to my mind, the core of a striking and thoughtful book. For instance, the Knights (say the writer) lived on the eve of the period of nationalism; while the R.A.F. of to-day lives and fights, perhaps, on its morrow. What is it, the writer asks, in the R.A.F. that has enabled it to do what it has done? May one not believe that one sees in the R.A.F. the emergence of a new race, the race of the future, that gains in power through shedding old, narrowing bad ideas? Lack of self-regard, lack of class-consciousness, lack of jealousy, and the practice rather than the profession of ideals—all these have done something to weld the Service into the force it is. Must men take to the skies to find brotherhood? It looks like it.

Also—the writer does not stress this point, but it occurs to one in reading his Malta Diary—there is bred in the air-fighter a particular temperament: a mixture of detachment and tolerance. From the air, the earth looks a pretty small place. You cannot help getting it into a new perspective. From a height, the frantic concerns of the land-bound race inevitably cease to matter so very much.

In *Tattered Battlements*, thought and action stand

(Concluded on page 88)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

WHAT a depressing effect certain minor issues have on every-

day life! Like the gushing sympathiser who insists upon the fact that "time will heal your woe" long before you have gained the courage to dry your tears. Like the purely practical person who warns you of the expense and the pitfalls of marriage just when you are in that state which sees metaphorical roses round every door. Like returning home slightly unsteady, but cheerfully "lit up," to a house filled by grimly sober people.

No wonder, then, most people withdraw within themselves whenever they are living happily in a kind of dream world. Only alone can we thoroughly enjoy our own maudlin. We are living for the moment in that state of ecstasy which, within our hearts, we know to be unreal, but to disturb which is like the rustle of paper, the whispered conversation to the ear of a profound music-lover in the act of listening to one of his favourite concertos—a slight-enough disturbance, but as devastating as a bomb. Indeed, life is full of these superfluous fourth acts which let down the play badly, but which we can't escape because we can't get out in time. Personally, although I know within my heart that they are inescapable, nevertheless they still take me by an anguished surprise: Fate loves that cold douche which isn't in the least like a tonic.

The only consolation is that too much common sense all the time keeps the wings of the soul of such little use that at last they atrophy. And that is to become dull indeed. It is wise occasionally to fly into

By Richard King

a fictitious paradise, if only to realise for a little while what a real paradise

looks like. It is a deepening experience. It keeps us humble, and in humility, perhaps, there is a well of wisdom. At least, I always like to think so, because life in the end makes us as humble as can be! The elderly who are still pompous make very-little-to-be-regretted dust, no matter how impressive may be their obsequies.

This, however, belongs to the major "snags" of existence. The minor ones demand our perpetual attention. They are always there ready to pounce. So that nothing is ever so lovely as it might be, and the flaw is sometimes so assertive that you can scarcely see the amber because of it. The only escape from "snags" is to expect them—when, strangely enough, they sometimes don't arrive, or do so in such disguise that only subsequently do you recognise them for what they were. In fact, when things go perfectly for any length of time you feel as if something has gone wrong in the scheme of fate. Which, incidentally, is just what has occurred. Is it to be wondered, therefore, that most of our happiness lies in retrospect, where the "snags" have grown dim, and in the future, where we dream in the hope they will not exist? So we get along fairly cheerfully, on the whole, with the second-best and learn to thank Heaven the percentage of human joy is as great as it is. Happiness is, after all, very like our religious faith—its tenets are extremely simple and we complicate them at our mental peril.



Spyers — Amyatt-Baring

Mr. Roper Spyers, M.A., of the Inner Temple, married Enid Amyatt-Baring, daughter of the late Col. E. Amyatt-Baring, and of Mrs. Amyatt-Baring, at St. Mary's Church, Bourne Street



Barlow — Sackville-West

Mr. Thomas Bradwall Barlow, second son of the late Sir John Barlow, and the Dowager Hon. Lady Barlow, of Bradwall Hall, Cheshire, married Elizabeth Margaret Sackville-West, daughter of the Hon. Bertrand Sackville-West, at St. Mary's, Graham Street



Mayne — Laird

Mr. John Evelyn Mayne, B.Sc., younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Mayne, of Nottingham, married Elizabeth Amarys Laird, daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Laird, of Edinburgh, at Old St. Paul's Church, Edinburgh

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Wilson — Alexander

Mr. J. H. T. Wilson, Sudan Political Service, son of Mr. H. E. Wilson, of Elvestone, Budleigh Salterton, and the late Mrs. Wilson, married Anne Alexander, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. H. M. Alexander, and Mrs. Alexander, formerly of Summerfield, Alverstoke, at Mombassa Cathedral



Curtis — Lees

F/O. Richard Osborne Curtis, R.A.F.V.R., second son of Major-Gen. and Mrs. H. O. Curtis, of Trokes Coppice, Lychett Minster, Dorset, married Bernadette Mary Lees, younger daughter of the late Capt. B. Lees, and of Mrs. Lees, at the Brompton Oratory



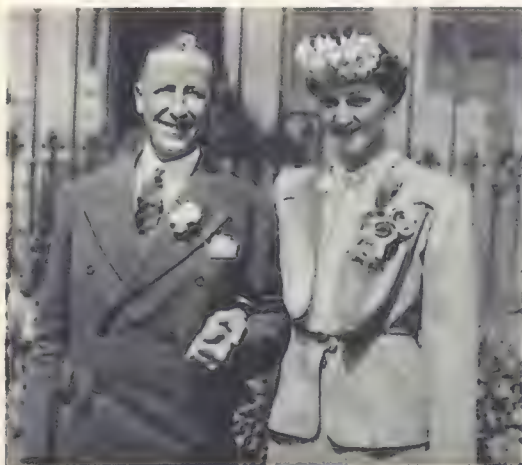
Beadle — Bowdler

Lt. Rae Beadle, R.N.V.R., eldest son of the late Cdr. S. W. Beadle, and of Mrs. Beadle, of Tonbridge, Kent, married Peggy Bowdler, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Bowdler, of Oak Hove, Coniston, Lancs., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Wareing — Hibberd-Tomlyn

Sergt. J. E. Wareing, R.A.S.C., elder son of the late Mr. T. E. Wareing, and of Mrs. Wareing, of St. Annes-on-Sea, married Laura Evelyn Hibberd-Tomlyn, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Hibberd-Tomlyn, of the British Embassy, Cairo, at Seale Church, Surrey



Hornby — Milligan

Mr. Francis Alexander Hornby, son of the late Mr. A. Hornby, and of Mrs. Hornby, of Chester, married Elizabeth Hope Milligan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Milligan, of Dallington, Ewell, Surrey, at St. Mary-le-Strand, London



Vlasto — Tail

Mr. Philip Vlasto, B.M., B.Ch., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Vlasto, of Badgemore, Henley-on-Thames, married Sheila Bruce Tail, daughter of the late Mr. J. Tail, and of Mrs. Tail, of Kensington Close, W.8, at St. Saviour's Church, S.W.3

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 73)

Committee at its headquarters in Upper Grosvenor Street under its chairman, Sir Herbert du Parc. Between 20,000 and 30,000 of these islanders are now in England, and through the Committee clothes are distributed to them and every kind of help from christenings to burials given. In between her more arduous duties, Lady Knott still finds time to keep up her singing. She has a lovely dramatic soprano voice, trained at one time under Blanche Marchesi.

In Edinburgh

NIGHT life in the North threatens seriously to rival the gaiety of London in the days of the last Great War. One of the brightest spots is the de Guise, which continues to draw visitors and residents alike. Among those met on a recent visit to the Scottish capital were Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, Lady Delamere, Air Vice-Marshal Smart and Mrs. Smart, Capt. and Mrs. Eustace Storey, the Earl of Airlie, whose country seats of Cortachy Castle and Airlie Castle are in the nearby County of Angus; Sir David King-Murray, Major and Mrs. Lee-Armstrong, Mrs. Cowan Dobson with her artist husband, and Lady Chalmers.



At an Exhibition for Distressed Families

The Duchess of Richmond and Lady Smith-Dorrien paid a visit to the exhibition of clothing, held at Harrods, in aid of the Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen's Families' Association. Above they are watching Mrs. Marshall cutting out garments



Queen Marie of Yugoslavia and a Sculptor

Queen Marie of Yugoslavia opened the Exhibition of Yugoslav Art, held at Yugoslav House. She is seen admiring the bust of her son, King Peter, with Mr. O. Nemon, the sculptor, for whom many famous people have sat

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 86)

apart—as they alternate in the pilot's day. The accounts of the air fighting itself are, as I said at the outset, brilliant—and they gain something by their contrast, and at the same time relation, to the reflective passages in the book. Here and there some small detail, such as the almost-loss of the scarf, suddenly, from the point of view of the reader, drives the ordeal home.

At Sea

IN *The Ship*, by C. S. Forester (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), the siege of Malta is also an element—though in the background. The ship itself, H.M.S. *Artemis*, is the unit, and we do not leave it throughout the story. The convoy must reach Malta—this is the ruling idea that governs every act and every decision. The story opens after an air attack on *Artemis*, and closes after an engagement with the Italian Fleet. In the course of it, we travel from one mind to another—Mr. Forester's method is cinematographic, and achieves an effect of intensive, close-up reality. While concerned, first of all, with the moment, one grows familiar with a number of personalities, from the Captain himself, down through the different officers to Ordinary Seaman Whipple—that strung-up, deadly-keen little "crusader" from the East End. Each chapter is headed by a sentence, or half-sentence, from the Captain's Report. The Captain's secretary, Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant James Jerningham, has not, after three years in the Navy, totally lost his civilian point of view: he "was sometimes able to project himself out of the ship and look down on the whole organisation objectively." His outside view-point is useful in the build-up of the plot—for Jerningham is still sharply, sometimes uneasily, conscious of much that the regular Navy takes for granted. Before the war he was "in advertising," a "womaniser" and a bright young man about town. Though he is an unheroic and decidedly selfish character, one finds Jerningham not wholly unsympathetic.

I hesitate to discuss this novel about the Navy in detail, for fear of making technical gaffes. I was absorbedly interested by *The Ship*, and agree with the Book Society's decision in starring it. Its shortness, given its content, is excellent. Every page tells, and by the end of the action one has a strange sense of exhilarated fatigue.

Irish by Choice

MARY LAVIN, author of *Tales from Bective Bridge* (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), a collection of short stories prefaced by Lord Dunsany, is, apparently, Irish by choice rather than birth. Her reaction to the country in which the scenes of all her stories (with the exception of, I believe, one) are laid is, therefore, the reaction of the beholder rather than the native. Her imagination—which is at once poetic and realistic—has been captured by certain aspects of Irish life, and her intelligence works to fill details in.

Miss Lavin writes without that touch of exasperation that infects most modern Irish-born writers of any merit, with regard to the Irish scene. For this reason, she may be found easier reading than James Joyce, Seán O'Faolain or Frank O'Connor—if she lacks, at the same time, their profounder qualities. She contemplates her subjects quite clear-sightedly, but also with almost unmixed æsthetic pleasure—and, consequently, gives the reader pleasure by the manner of her handling of them. She should neither—a distinction which is quite rare—offend the Irish nor bore the English. And, leaving nationality out of the question, her stories are excellent as stories: they have point as well as background; one is not left in the air. My own favourites are the domestic ones—such as "Lilacs," "Sarah," "At Sallygap" and "Love is for Lovers"—these give the most satisfactory play to Miss Lavin's feminine, though disciplined art.

Tales from Bective Bridge is a first book that must command the respect and interest of Miss Lavin's fellow-writers.

Polish Novel

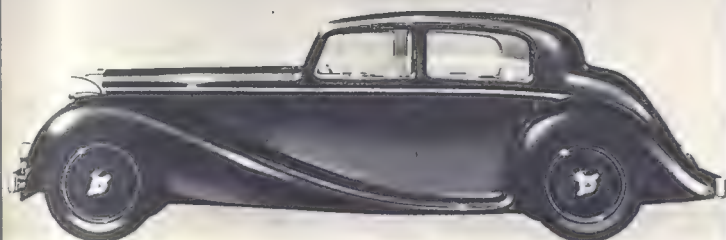
"THE FAITHFUL RIVER" (Minerva Publishing Co.; 7s. 6d.) is, I believe, the first work of the Polish novelist, Stefan Zeromski, to be translated into English. The translator, Stephan Garry, appears to have served Zeromski, and has certainly served the English public, well: the style flows smoothly, without hitches, oddness or creaks. The novel, an idyll of love and war, is brief—"in this small glass," the publisher's note says, Zeromski "mirrors the whole of Poland's tragic history."

The time is 1863, with Polish heroic insurgents in arms against Russian rule. The scene is a lonely manor-house near a river, where a young girl is alone with an old servant and, through one great shut-up salon, the tortured ghost of the former owner walks. The girl, Salomea, succours, nurses and hides a wounded insurgent, and love springs up between them on his return to health. Discovery means death for the man in hiding, for Russian soldiers scour the country for him—so, every day and night is tense with alerts. Salomea's allies, in her desperate vigil, are a friendly young Jewess from the nearby inn, and the faithful though grumpy old cook, Stefan.

Beauty and grimness mingle in *The Faithful River*—and passionate patriotism breathes from every line. The scene, the time, the characters and their relations to one another are at once classically and originally drawn.

The Faithful River stands high on its own merits, besides coming to us as the first representative of an outstanding Polish novelist's art. I hope that other translations may follow *The Faithful River*.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

No one must fail to visit the Woolly, or, as it has amusingly been called, the "something different" department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street; personal shoppers revel in it, as they always seem to find just what they are needing. It is there that the angora coat and skirt on the right may be seen; it is in a pretty lime-green shade. As will be seen, the coat is cleverly pleated below the waist, white piqué collar and revers increase its charm. It is light and warm, and does not become easily crushed when worn beneath one of those indispensable "odd" coats. Necklines are very important. They are rather higher than heretofore; the pan collar has many roles to play. Sleeves are longer. The true shirt-sleeve has returned, as well as the seven-eighth coat. It is interesting to note the clever manner in which waistcoat effects are introduced. It is in attention to detail that this firm excels



It is predicted that St. Luke's summer will be long this year, therefore women are thinking of cool frocks that will remain undated. Jacqmar, 16, Bruton Street, are showing a limited number of fancy crepe and linen dresses; there are jumper suits as well. It is a fancy-linen frock that is seen on the left of this page. It is called the "Circus" on account of the pattern printed thereon. In this model, the basic colour is an almost delft blue. As every woman needs a black evening dress, this firm is creating simple affairs that make a perfect background for a single piece of jewellery, the scheme being completed with a pearl or other necklace. No reference to the Jacqmar specialities would be complete without a reference to their slogan scarves in gay colours. It will be remembered "London Wall" was the first to appear; now there are upwards of two score. They include "Combined Operations," "America in London," "Don't," etc. Women frequently have them converted into blouses and frocks



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BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE young daughter came into the room looking very lovely in her new evening frock. Her mother gazed fondly at her.

"I know I'm being old-fashioned, dear," she said, "but I'd like to know where you are going."

"Well, darling," said the girl, "I'm dining with Flight Lieutenant—well—you don't know him, but he's really awfully sweet—and then we shall probably go to several places I don't suppose you've ever heard of. Then we shall finish up at a funny little club, but I forget its name. That all right, mummy?"

"Of course, my dear. I just like to know."

A MAN who found himself stranded in a country town implored the manager of an hotel to find him accommodation for the night, although no rooms were vacant. Finally the manager agreed to do so. One of the residents, a Colonel Wilson, he explained, always went to bed very early and rose late in the mornings: there was a spare bed in the room which the wayfarer could occupy, provided he would get up early in the morning and dress very quietly, so as not to disturb the colonel.

The stranger gratefully accepted. He was called at seven o'clock, and crept out of the bedroom. In the corridor he met the chambermaid, who said to him brightly: "Good morning, Colonel Wilson." He received a similar greeting from the boots and when he went to pay his bill the cashier expressed regret that "the colonel" was leaving. The booking clerk at the station who sold him his ticket said: "Going to town today, colonel?"

Much puzzled, the traveller strolled up and down the platform while waiting for his train. Suddenly, and by accident, he caught sight of himself in a mirror. "Good heavens," he exclaimed, "they've called the wrong man!"



"You don't like me looking innocent, you don't like me looking dangerous. How am I to look?"

PRIVATE JONES had had twenty shots at the rifle range, and all had missed the target.

"What are you doing?" yelled the sergeant. "What's the explanation of this disgraceful performance?"

"I don't know!" replied Jones. "They're leaving this end all right."

AN obviously refreshed guest was brought into a hall of a temperance hotel by an obliging friend. The manager, noticing his condition, came forward with an alarm.

"Hey, you can't bring that man in here," he protested. "This is a temperance establishment."

"That's all right," said the friend. "He's tight to notice it."

A SOLICITOR's clerk, walking along the street with his employer, saw a ten-shilling note lying on the pavement, and pounced upon it.

"What do you think?" he said to the solicitor after examining it carefully. "It's a good one, isn't it?"

The solicitor took it and examined it in turn.

"Perfectly good," he pronounced, handing the clerk three shillings and fourpence change.

WHEN Hitler was in Denmark some time ago he planned to visit their police headquarters.

A tactful Nazi official sent the police, in advance, different photographs of Adolf, hoping they would be displayed for the Fuehrer's visit.

When the Fuehrer arrived, however, none were in view, so the Nazi official took the police chief aside and asked: "Did you get those six photographs sent you?"

The police chief pondered a minute, then replied: "Why, yes, I remember. And you'll be glad to know we've already caught five of the crooks, and we hope soon to catch the last one!"

"PETERBOROUGH" in *The Daily Telegraph* tells the following story:—

Two American soldiers boarded a bus in Piccadilly. One went on top, the other inside. The latter offered them fares to a man in uniform, saying: "Two to Trafalgar Square."

"Excuse me," was the reply, "I'm not the conductor: I'm a naval officer."

The American went on to the platform of the bus and called up to his friend: "Say, buddy, come down. We're not on a bus; we're on a battleship."

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Yorker

ALREADY the British public is a great deal more familiar with the name of the York than the aircraft itself. It is a case of everything being in a name, though I have some hope that, by the time these notes appear, a few photographs and some general information will have been released.

In Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's statement for the annual general meeting of Hawker Siddeley, the view is expressed that the York will form the main equipment of British operators. That is a big claim; but from what I have heard of this machine it may not be too big.

Wonderful stories have been going round about the York—and especially about the special one that was being fitted up for the carriage of eminent passengers. Imagination fed on the secrecy that surrounded the machine and I heard amazing descriptions of the equipment and furnishing.

There was, for instance, the bathroom story—afterwards admitted to be almost entirely untrue, but none the less amusing on that account. The bathroom of the special York was said to be of the kind one only finds in expensive Parisian hotels, with polished walls, mirrors, hot and cold water and all appliances and means to boot.

An unlimited number of hot baths were available to the passengers, it was said, and, when the question was asked of how the great weight of water was dealt with, the secret was revealed that there was a filter circuit.

Eminent personages— it was whispered—were to use one another's bath water without knowing it, each fresh supply being merely the same water after it had gone round the filters. Other stories about this aircraft were less printable and no more true.

But it does really seem to be a fine machine. It seems to have all the good qualities of the Lancaster and a good miniature hotel combined.

It would be useful to have some opinions of those who have done trips in it.



Swordfish Heroes

Sub-Lt. H. Horrocks, R.N.V.R., and Sub-Lt. W. W. N. Balkwill, R.N.V.R., both received the D.S.C., and L/Airman J. W. Wick was awarded the D.S.M. for their action in sinking a U-boat with three salvos. These were the first awards made to personnel of the new Swordfish escort carriers.

Other Aircraft

SOME reference to various other aircraft which are in preparation—some of them in response to the recommendations of the committee presided over by Lord Brabazon—has been made in previous weeks. But I still hear nothing about small machines. I would like to hear of some big constructor who is engaged on a specialised, ultra-high speed, long-range mail carrier. In the past it was held to be uneconomic to separate passengers and mails. And in the past I believe it was true. But in the future there might be opportunities for separating them: the mails could really go at ultra-high speeds, perhaps in the stratosphere. Such services would be likely to be able to hold their own against the coming menace (to air carriage) of facsimile transmission.

Fighter Form

WHEN I was visiting an aerodrome the other day several formations of Republic Thunderbolts flew overhead. Their appearance is most impressive.

They have a distinctive sound and they look smaller than they really are. Their wing plan is extremely pleasing to the eye and the way in which the two-row radial is cowled in is admirable. They carry on the underside of the wings a star on each side. The big bombers, it will be recalled, gave up the star under the port wing. They have one star on the top of the port wing and one on the underside of the starboard wing. If it is still permissible to judge by eye (as the method used to serve well when I was test flying) I would say that the Thunderbolt is going to prove a first-class fighting machine. It is going to overcome early troubles and to be modified to suit conditions as they are.

It sounds a terribly disloyal thing to say, but I confess that I prefer the Thunderbolt's appearance to the appearance of the clipped wing Spitfire—which we refer to as the "squintfire" because it is so much cut down. The original Spitfire still has everything in the aerodynamic line. The clipped wing versions (two of them have become known to the public) have rather less. The Thunderbolt comes not far short of the early Spitfire. None of which means that the Spitfire has not been improved as a fighting instrument. I believe it has for certain purposes.

The lower aspect ratio and higher "aircraft density" give the clipped wing version higher speed in the dive and greater quickness in roll. I doubt if there is much difference in top speed, though I do not get the official figures for speed.

Carriers

IT was good to see the pilots of the Fleet Air Arm getting some notice a few weeks ago. The work they have been doing from carriers is amazing. I would like to see it publicised as much as the work of the landplane pilots, I believe that there is some justification for Admiralty reticence.

Only occasionally—as in the account of the Atlantic convoy battle—can full facts be given. The carriers are coming into their own. And at last they are recognised as an advanced and advancing form of vessel, a vessel which combines mobility on air forces, instead of an out-of-date makeshift.

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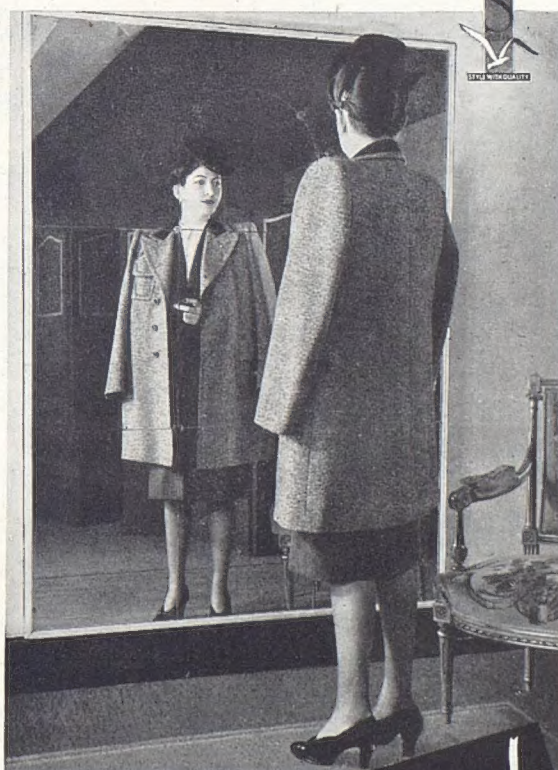
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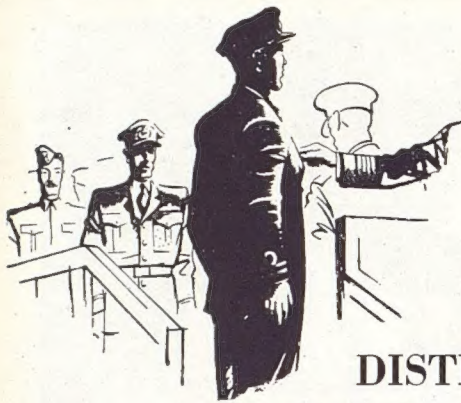


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